

Daddy Drinks Too Much

A Parable for Our National Holiday

by JJ Johnson

AS WE EMBARK UPON ANOTHER NATIONAL HOLIDAY, many of us will use July 4 as another excuse to fill ourselves with drunkenness and watch fireworks. Although it will be said that many of us have forgotten the reasons for this holiday, sadly much of the compulsive behavior rampant in this country (especially during this holiday) can be used as an example of the malaise this country's faces.

This is the story of a typical American family - A husband, the wife, the children. A family in which all seems normal from the outside, but on the inside lies a demon that will soon destroy the family beauty.

Daddy drinks a lot. In fact, Daddy drinks too much. On occasion, he beats his wife while the children hide in their rooms. He assaults the children, sometimes in full view of the others to "teach the rest" a lesson. In his drunken stupor, he break things, throws fits, and in short - terrorizes his own home.

But what's a mother to do? After all, he is the protector of the house and the children. And of course, one dares not speak against the drunken father, else hear and feel his rage that follows. No, let's just make him happy. Do whatever he wants. Don't rock the boat. Remember kids, we don't want to give daddy a reason to "go off." Soon, the family becomes all but numb to the terror that the father lays on his family. One day, the youngest child was beaten bloody. The response from Mom and his sibling was, "Should have just done what daddy told you, even if it was wrong. Guess you had it coming. How dare you say daddy was wrong! How dare you say daddy should get help for his drinking!" . . . It was decided that the best thing to do was to act like nothing was wrong.

And the terror continued as Daddy kept drinking. Where will it end?

In this parable, the mother and children represent the American public. The drunken father represents the government, who is drunk from too many taxes, and intoxicated from too much power. But the same rules apply. More and more people see that "daddy" has been drinking too much. But few dare say anything. Those "mothers and

children" who speak out are called, extremists, radicals, terrorists, supremacists, anti-government, etc., then sent off to their rooms after a scolding. As with the alcoholic family, every now and then a child (a patriot) tries to defend his mother or sibling from the drunk's rage by crying out, "Stop! Stop hurting us! This is not right!". This child of his is later found in the hospitals, the jails, or worse.

The family even tried giving the drunken father extra drinks, hoping that he would just sleep and leave them alone for another day. In the past, it worked. But today, these "children" must undergo, what no human should have to bare. The assaults become more common. The rage becomes more obvious. And there in nothing, almost nothing you can do to escape the "drunk's" wrath.

About a century and three decades ago, the wife and children tried a "marital separation." But it didn't work. Four years, and 600,000 lives later, the husband and family were brought back together. Both believing that it was best "for the children". Daddy seemed to get better for a while. But in 1933, he went on another drinking binge, even though we had sworn off alcohol for the past 13 years.

From then on, the rage, the drunken beatings, the terror became worse. Sometimes, his brawls were even taking outside his house. He felt it was his responsibility to tame his enemies. But by being drunk on his tax revenue, and intoxicated by his own power, he became his own worst enemy. He became addicted. He had become just like the enemies he defeated. Anyone in his home who dared to speak out were beaten, tortured, or killed. But few other family members spoke out. After all, they didn't want the same thing to happen to them.

In the late 20th century, it began to change. Daddy's drunken rage of April 19, 1993 made too many other family members sick to their stomachs. Mommy began to ask for a divorce. Junior bought a gun to defend the rest of the family. Some of the children simply tried to run away from home. Other began to attend self-help groups to deal with daddy's drinking. They called them "patriot meetings". Rather than Daddy admitting he had a serious problem, he blamed his problem on the others. He scolded them. Called them names. Made fun of them. But more and more he heard the cries, "Daddy, stop it! You're hurting us. Stop it, or we're leaving!"

But in an act of defiance, Daddy cut his own wrists on April 19, 1995. He let the blood squirt out, and on to his children's faces and hands. They were horrified. What made it worst was that he blamed this self-inflicted wound on those who simply told him to stop drinking. He told them the blood was on their hands.

For a while, Daddy's mission was successful. He gained sympathy from the others. No one dare said anything about daddy's behavior. Being labeled "anti-government" was

all that was needed to be locked away in your room, or banished from the family. Mommy no longer had the courage to ask for a divorce. Daddy's wounds would heal, but the family's wounds would never heal, because they all knew that Daddy held the bloody knife.

Daddy grew increasingly paranoid. He sent people into the self-help groups to learn what Mommy and the children were doing. He thought they were planning to throw him out of the house. He considered them a "threat." But he ignored what he heard inside those rooms. The voices kept saying, "Daddy has a drinking problem."

Daddy stopped many of the self-help groups as time went on. He helped cause many of them to begin fighting amongst themselves. But like most alcoholic families, the children began to "act out" in a negative way. A few of Daddy's security men became the first victims, then other children began to "act out" in school- turning institutions of learning into free-fire zones. Both began to increase at an alarming rate. No one wanted to hurt the Paternal head of the family. No one condoned harming his security men. No one advocated doing what their father had been doing to them for years. But quietly, some children began to understand why. They then feared their father even more.

To solve the problem, Daddy demanded more security. He demanded that the guns be taken away. He gave his security men more power. He shouted that "the rules that have governed this house for the last two centuries no longer apply!" To feed his intoxication, the drinking became worse. The lies became worse. The beatings and killings continued.

Today, as the next century approaches, many of daddy's children are quietly running away from home. They are running away in fear - fear of what the coming of the next century will bring. You see, they know Daddy is dying from his abuse of taxes and power. He has promised that he won't die alone. He will take his whole family with him. Regrettably, that old family who lives on Atlantic and Pacific Avenue will soon perish. In his dying rage, he stands over the family like a drunken beast preparing to do away with all his enemies. He never looked in the mirror. He broke every mirror in his house. But as he stands like a sentinel over the Mommy and the huddled family members cornered in the house, between them stands Junior. The beaten, bruised and bloodied child who's back is pressed up against his mother's bosom. He stands nervously, timidly shaking an old loaded revolver as he points it at the drunk's head ... but Daddy comes closer.

Junior never wanted to hurt anyone - certainly not the father he was taught to look up to. But watching death consume his father's body, he said a prayer as the sweat dripped off his index finger when he slowly placed it on the trigger. Will Daddy's

drunkenness kill the whole family? Only time will tell. But the last words we heard as that old house faded from view were the words of Junior saying....

..."Daddy, please stop drinking."

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Editor's Note: Mr. Johnson is running for County Sheriff in Nevada this year and above article is a reprint of his campaign literature. --M.L.